THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 44.

Boston, Saturday, February 28, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 68.

TO THE WANDERER.

Province House, Feb. 27, 1807.

SIR,

You will doubtless feel surprise at seeing my signature to a communication dated in this metropolis, when you recollect the opinion I have already expressed of your city and its manners.* Be assured, sir, that necessity, not inclination, brought me again within your limits, and every moment I am confined here is rendered unpleasant by my being obliged to witness your fashionable follies. Friendship and affinity require me to associate with the H. family, of which I gave you some account in my former letter, and a few evenings since I was dragged into a tea-party by them, under the assurance that the visitants would be very *select* and *all* of the *first sort*, and that I could not but enjoy myself. You shall hear the result.

I waited till eight o'clock at my lodgings, notwithstanding the din of political war which raged round the fire-side, naturally concluding that the evening was half spent; but I found on being ushered into the *drawing room*, that the female part of the company was but just assembled, and tea not yet served up, as the gentlemen had not arrived.—You may be sure my situation was not very pleasant. Placed between two ladies whom I had never before seen, I was condemned to listen to dissertations on dress, critiques on theatrical performances, and comparisons of the merits of Labottiere and Cipriani, who sport on light fantastic toe. I therefore looked forward with impatience for the coming of the beaux, confident that their presence would give life to the conversation and enable me to reap the promised enjoyment. But alas, sir, I was wofully disappointed.—The same unmeaning observations were reiterated by them, and the only alteration experienced by their arrival was overcrouding the already uncomfortably crouded room.—One of my fair cousins regretted deeply that there was no room for card tables, and observed to me in a half whisper that her father was so unfashionable that he had forbidden her to introduce play, though she always joined the card parties abroad, and last night only had won twenty dollars. Loudly exclaiming against the practice, I found all eyes upon me, and overheard a young coxcomb ask my friend's son, "who that *cursed boor* was," and also had the mortification to hear him reply, "O an old quiz of a relation we are obliged to *endure*, as we expect by and by to finger his cash." I was

* See Wanderer No. 38.

next obliged to listen to a vile thumming on the piano-forte, the music of which I observed had no other effect, than causing all the company to talk louder than before in order to be heard, for I was the only person who took the trouble to attend to the musician. I will not relate to you any part of the conversation, for truly there was nothing spoken worthy of record, but will not omit to observe that one half the company appeared totally unacquainted with the other half, but distributed in little clumps about the room, poured out their streams of volubility, unmindful whom they overwhelmed, experiencing no other interruption than occasional remarks from a few *gem'men* who holding no seats were compelled to stroll from one side to the other. Glad was I when escaped from this jargon of folly, from the mountains of plumb-cake, fruit and jellies, and the oceans of whipt sylabubs, lemonade and liqueur which were continually introduced. In short I have no hesitancy in declaring my preference of the noisy colloquies of enraged politicians, the rattling of a winter storm, or the rumbling of a foaming cataract, to the confused tumult of your fashionable tea parties, the unmeaning laughter of the beaux, the tittering conversation of the belles, and the flippant impertinence of both. Do sir, inform me whether these suffocating parties are frequent and what pleasure those expect who collect, what those calculate on who attend them. Excuse my apparent ignorance, but really I have been so long out of the great world, that I am not only unacquainted with the mode of being pleased, but am unable to discover the causes which produce happiness in others. With increased regard, I am, sir, your humble servant, JONATHAN HOMEBRED.

P. S. I have related the adventure to one of the three representatives who come from our town, and though I supposed my young cousin was bantering when she mentioned her *winnings*, he assures me that a card party should not be attended without money, for he was recently in company at Mrs. ——'s, daughter to the deacon of our parish, who has but lately been established here and lost more money than his pay during the whole session will amount to.

To Mr. Homebred's inquiries the Wanderer cannot offer a prolix reply. Such parties as the one described he is sorry to declare *are* frequent, and most appropriately are denominated Jams; but he is yet to learn what kind of pleasure they are calculated to afford, and will be infinitely obliged to any one of his fashionable readers who can furnish him with a plausible reason for supposing they are capable of bestowing any. Z.

FOR THE EMERALD.

When IGNORANCE *is bliss, 'tis folly to be* WISE.

THE man of a bold and vigorous imagination has a source of happiness, which is entirely unknown to the slow and sober calculator of chances, who plods on in the beaten path of reason without daring to look beyond its bounds. In this world of vicissitude however, when innumerable circumstances conspire to perplex and disturb; where the best planned schemes are often unsuccessful, and the most virtuous exertions deprived of their reward, he may be considered a very fortunate being, who looks beyond the circumference of this narrow sphere and enjoys in a world of his own

creation whatever soothes his sorrows and increases his delight.

Imagination was purposely formed to destroy the little evils of life, to give a spirit and enthusiasm which should overbear misfortune, and hold out the promise of better times. He who should keep his mind restrained to the dull moments of present difficulty, who could not pierce the cloud, and find the darkness a momentary gloom and not the total extinguishment of the sun, might yield to the first impressions of despair, and submit without a struggle to the appearance of necessity. But while reason would confine him to this dreadful situation, the mind is furnished with higher powers, whose great prerogative it is, to step forth and to save at the moment of danger.

By imagination we mean those powers of the mind, which move not exactly by the principles that in common concerns influence the actions—A something in the mind, which inspires confidence, in opposition to evidence, and leads one to anticipate scenes which would otherwise be clouded by despair.

Imagination has been called a delusion of the mind. But *if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.* We are certain of nothing, say philosophers. The eye and the ear are sometimes of doubtful credit, but a want of demonstration does not diminish from their use. But if happiness be the great design of existence, the object of enquiry would be not whether these mental powers were deceptive, but whether they were injurious. It is sometimes innocent to deceive, and man with all his boasted reason is often like a child whom it is necessary to allure and charm away from danger by ingenuity and artifice. Hope is often a fraud upon reason. Calmly compare fact with fact, and the cool reasoner will instantly determine that the object of your wishes will never be realized ; but Hope says it will. Hope persuades you that your senses, your experience, your reason is deceptive. If she takes you not into security, she at least conceals from you the circumstances of danger. This deception is often happiness itself. What are the sleeping visions of the night?—the moving landscape of the brain? At a distance from friends, uncertain of their welfare and anxious for their health, this lovely deceiver destroys the faculties of reason :—Imagination places us in their loved society—we hear, we see them—we wake to reason and to melancholy.

Imagination is the poor man's only treasure ; it offers a sacred recess from the world's oppression. It has a wand that *deceives* him into power, and he seems to have the world at command ; it deceives him into wealth and he has the treasures of Crœsus at his will—she persuades him she is *Reason* herself—he takes her at her word, and she rewards his credulity with multiplied favors. As fertility and beauty sprang beneath the footsteps of the fabled Ceres so hilarity and pleasure rise at the breath of Imagination. She sits like *Calypso* on her island and her votary is the beloved *Telemachus*. The enchanting empire over which she reigns no storms disturb, no tempest ever darkens. Flowers bloom on every side—the rose has no thorn and the bramble no where appears. It is an Eden without any tree forbidden, a paradise in which death never enters. Her reign is indeed short and her kingdom insecure. The stream of time seems gradually to "wash away its dissoluble fabric."

The young, the gay, the volatile, are its only inhabitants—as we progress in age, we recede from her capital and oftentimes find ourselves beyond the limits of her power, when we have most necessity to be within her borders. It is then we recollect the pleasures she afforded, and when we are obliged *to be wise* remember the bliss of delusion and the *ignorance* she created.

LODOISKA.

FOR THE EMERALD

THE ORDEAL.....No. 18.

"Immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting time toil'd after him in vain."

.....

Macbeth (Shakespeare) and High Life Below Stairs. Friday, Feb. 20.

THOSE persons who are most willing to excuse the faults of Shakespeare, must exercise their greatest lenity in considering the play of Macbeth. It contains passages, incidents and characters which, in a work of any other author, would be scouted with indignation; but which from Shakespeare are palliated, excused and vindicated with all the cogency of argument, and fervor of eloquence. The witches are introduced; and while we view them with disregard, with incredulity and with displeasure, we satisfy ourselves for not expressing our disapprobation, by reflecting on the time in which the play was written, the compliments intended king James by their introduction, the obvious consistency of his noble extravagance of fancy, and singular adaptation of the language and deportment to such supernatural agents, and on the reverence which Shakespeare's genius inspires, not only in his works in general, but in this very play. We are astonished at the grandeur of its fictions, the felicity of its language and the energy of its character. It is said, "it has no nice discriminations of character;" that "the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions," and that "the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents." But though this observation applies to the character of Macbeth, after visiting the witches' (save the subsequent events determining his conduct) we do not agree that it is sufficiently general to be applicable to the whole production, or even enough so, to include the whole of any particular character. There are some of the finest touches of nature in the previous parts of the characters of Macbeth and his wife. In his progress towards guilt, and in guilt, we see the "terrible graces" of nature constantly displayed; and in Lady Macbeth, such unexpected and uncommon shoots of character spring out, as it were vain to expect in other works. The moral of this play is strikingly impressive, while it is of the utmost consequence to mankind. It shews the horrors of an afflicted conscience, in its most "terrible aspect," the futility of ambition and the danger of power; and convinces us of the folly of believing the predictions of preternatural conjurers, and the fatality of vile impostures on the credulity of the simple, and desires of the passionate.

The story for the most part is historically correct; and the scenery of Dunsinane, the disposition of Macbeth, and some other characters agree with ancient accounts.

We shall confine our few observations on the representation of this play to the personation of Macbeth by Mr. Fennel. We had derived so much satisfaction from Zanga, that we could not but regret, not being able to witness the whole of his succeeding character.

Macbeth is painted as composed of many virtues and many vices, intimately blended—exhibiting in the progress of his ruling passion, ambition, where only every person is vulnerable, how the beneficent mind may become inhuman, how those persons, naturally virtuous, after once becoming corrupted, may grow more vicious than others, originally of depraved dispositions. It has long been disputed in what manner the actor should delineate various traits in the part of Macbeth, particularly the dagger soliloquy. Some actors, after the first sight of the imaginary image, keep their eye constantly riveted o

the supposed object until it is presumed to disappear at the phrase "'tis no such thing." But Mr. Fennel very judiciously conducts it in another way.—He starts suddenly at the sight of the dagger—he endeavours to seize it, is disappointed, and on the suggestion of its being "a false creation proceeding from the brain," seems for a moment to lose it; then as the text indicates, he looks again and says, "I see thee yet," and makes a comparison between the dagger in his hand and the one before him; he again loses it in the reflection "*my eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses;*" and again he sees it, when the phrase "*I see thee still*" occurs, until finally it disappears. At the last view the object alters, for

"On the blade and dudgeon gouts of blood
Which was not so before,"

seem apparent to his sight. This manner we think both consonant to human nature and conformable to the text:—but though this was Mr. Fennel's conception, we cannot think his execution was by any means adequate to the utterance of this soliloquy; for he gave it without appearing to produce any extraordinary effect.

But it was not the cold solemnity of *Quin*, nor the imbecile genius and cramped dignity of *Mills*; the liquid sweetness of *Barry*, or the unvaried action of *Mossop*, which could give full effect to the terrible agonies of Macbeth; it was reserved for *Garrick* alone to acquire admiration from the accuracy of his deportment and discrimination of his look; to terrify with his voice and dismay with his elocution.—He only could shew the Thane, from the first prediction of the witches, until his desperate fight with Macduff loaded with disgrace, tortured by disappointment and black with crimes.

Mr. Fennel's readings are generally correct, but *sometimes* pedantically singular. To find varieties of meaning in the obscure passages of Shakespeare is neither uncommon nor meritorious;—But Mr. Fennel generally satisfies the judgment while he pleases the fancy. He varies the text in this instance—

"One cry'd God bless us! and amen! the other [man's hands.
As they had seen me with their hang-
Listening their fear, I could not say *amen*," &c.

This is the reading of Mr. F. differing from the text, by making a full stop at "*hangman's hands*," instead of, at "their fear." The present seems the better reading, as it gives a reason why Macbeth could not pronounce *amen*. On the other hand his *listening their fear*, affords no argument why those he awakened should ejaculate their prayers, compared with the single sensation arising from their seeing him with his "*hangman's hands*." Other variations were noticed; some commendable, some objectionable.

In the scene of the third act, after he becomes King his soliloquy relative to Banquo and his issue was well delivered.

"Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his *mind*, [valour
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his
To act in safety."

We know not why *mind* should be marked.

The phrases, "under *him* my genius is rebuk'd"; "upon my head they plac'd a *fruitless* crown"; "no son of *mine* succeeding"; "for Banquo's *issue* have I filed my mind" &c. were uttered not only very correctly, but very powerfully.

In the banquet scene, his conduct was original on our stage, and bore the the marks of reflection; and in the cave with the witches we were highly gratified.

In conclusion—we esteem Mr. Fennel's Macbeth, remarkable for accuracy of costume and demeanor; for force of apprehension and correctness of delivery; but by no means eminent for high wrought passion, or admirable expression of countenance.

—

Othello (Shakespeare) and the Jew and Doctor. Monday, Feb. 23.

The character of Othello as a play, it is needless to repeat. Praise has so constantly been lavished on it that panegyric is exhausted. The parts of Othello and Iago, to be completely personated, require the gratest acting which the English stage can afford, if we except Lear and Edgar. Hence it is that we so seldom find ourselves perfectly satisfied; and hence too the *variety* of satisfaction we derive, as the actors may approach or recede from excellence. For it by no means follows that we shall be displeased though th

performance should be far from complete; for a tolerable personation of Othello and Iago necessarily includes the idea of considerable talent.

Mr. Fennel as Othello, did not gratify us as a whole. We were sometimes pleased, oftentimes indifferent and now and then disappointed. He quelled the brawl very well and as a general should do. His deficiencies were most conspicuous in the "*handkerchief scene*," in which he caused no sensation, and in his three several demands of "the handkerchief," he was tame and unaffecting. There is commonly a total sinking of sound in the conclusion of many of his lines: so that the sense is unintelligible. When Mr. F. turns his back he should force his utterance; as those auditors towards whom his back may be directed, cannot hear a sentence distinctly. The last scene was happily conducted, and we were gratified with much that it contained. On the whole, we do not place Mr. Fennel's Othello in the highest station, in the field of histrionic exertion.

Mr. Usher has much improved in his personation of Iago even since he last performed it. In his scene with Roderigo, where he requires him to "*put money in his purse*" and the subsequent soliloquy, he evinced more force of action and propriety of passion, than we think we ever saw him exhibit. In other parts he shone; but in none so conspicuously.

We are happy in affording Mr. Fox in Cassio, much praise for the correctness with which he performed it, as well in respect to the *language* as the *action*. This approbation we offer with the more satisfaction, because we fear we have appeared to censure him with too caustic a severity; the present palliative may alleviate the pain. As Cassio's inebriation was rapid, his recovery may be supposed to be sudden: we think however the gradual approach of soberness should be more distinctly remarked. He is evidently to seem intoxicated when Othello questions him,

"*How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?*"

Mrs. Powell in Desdemona, played as she has usually done; without much force of utterence or true expression of face; but where she did not shew judgment she evinced modesty.

Mrs. Shaw gives effect to Emilia; but we still echo in Mrs. Shaw's ears comedy! comedy! comedy! as Lord Chesterfield repeated to his son the graces! graces! graces!

Roderigo *as the performance of Mr. Downie*, deserves to be mentioned with respect.

The representation of this tragedy, was on the whole respectable, and though many were rather disappointed, few were displeased; though none were wrought to rapture, there were some who were raised to approbation.

Hamlet (Shakespeare) and Poor Soldier. Wednesday, Feb. 25.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

THE HEART WANTS SOMETHING TO BE KIND TO. It consoles us for the loss of society to see even an animal derive happiness from the endearments we bestow upon it.—The simplicity of this truth, says an elegant moralist, in no manner diminishes from its eloquence.—What sympathy in the expression, what delicacy in the circumstance—How must it be experienced by the sorrowing and forsaken female who retains her love for virtue, though she has once deviated from its path, and evinces in her distress an heroic fortitude, while her soul shudders with all the delicacy of feminine softness.

AMPHIGOURIE

Is a word composed of a Greek adverb signifying *about* and of a substantive signifying *a circle*. It is a word very much employed by the French to distinguish certain little lyrical parodies of a burlesque nature, and which, turning on words and ideas without order or any particular meaning, appear in spite of their incoherence to convey some sense, but which have no meaning

at all. Here is one. You may observe it forms a piece of as unmeaning poetry as ever posed an admirer of the Cruscan school, but its manner is elegant and what the French call *richly rhymed.*

Au'il est heureux de se défendere
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu!
Mais qu it est facheux de se rendere
Quand le bon heur est suspendu!
Par un discourse sans suite & tendre
Egarez un cœur ẽperdu.
Souvent par un mal-entendu
L'amant adroit se pait entendre.

It is almost impossible in a translation to preserve the exact force and relation which belong to the words; the following IMITATION will convey some idea of it.

How happy to defend our heart
When love has never thrown a dart;
But ah! unhappy when it bends,
While pleasure her soft bliss suspends;
Sweet in a wild discordant strain,
A lost and wandering heart to gain,
Oft in mistaken language wooed
The skillful lovers understood.

This song has such a resemblance to meaning, that the celebrated Fontenelle hearing it sung, imagined he had a glimpse of its sense, and desired to have it repeated. Do you not perceive (said Madam de Tencin) they are NONSENSE-VERSES? *(Amphigourie.)* It resembles so much, replied the malignant wit, the verses I am accustomed to hear on the stage, that it is not surprising I should for once be mistaken.

The following little Song is the production of one in that unfortunate class whose genius and activity of mind have ranked above the situation in which poverty compels them to move. It was the last complaint of the author. The verse is elegant and flowing, but the circumstance is more interesting than the verse.

A new-fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline past,
In pity she turned to behold
How it shivered and shrunk from the merciless blast,
Then fell, all benum'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
Its soft form to her bosom she prest—
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated and died on her breast.

The Moralist then, as the corse she resign'd,
And weeping, spring-flow'rs o'er it laid,
Thus mused—So it fares with the delicate mind
To the tempests of fortune betray'd—

Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
And denied the relief which would save,
'Tis lost—and when pity and kindness are vain,
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave.

Mrs. WEST, in her admirable letters to a young lady, has the following thoughts—

Dress is such an important subject to women, that I must refer to it very frequently. Two chief ends seem to be pursued by those who imitate the great in this particular, namely, that it should show their wealth and proclaim their uselessness. When the cost of a gown excels the countess's which it resembles, by fifteen shillings a yard, the wearer feels an immense satisfaction—no matter though her dress be but a publication of her vulgar manners—elegance is in her opinion a saleable commodity—she has the draper's bill in her pocket (I hope *receipted.)* In imitation, however, it often becomes necessary to caricature the mode and to exhibit in full extravagance, that which when modified by taste and worn with propriety was graceful and becoming. The flow of her drapery and slight texture of her attire proclaim the would-be Grecian nymph to be a mere "*mincing mammet,*" or in her own language, a very fine lady—they cannot possibly denote the industrious housewife or the helpmate of man.

The conclusion of an address by the Editor of the Port Folio to his patrons, in the usual elegant and forcible manner of that classical

scholar, may with propriety be offered to every reader of a literary journal.

As the Editor has formed a connection at once powerful and friendly, in consequence of which the buttresses of business will not hereafter be shaken; as it is determined that nothing either in the mechanical execution, or in the literary department of The Port Folio shall be omitted which can give value to the work; and as it imperiously demands much labour, and is attended with great expense, may he, in no *airy dreams*, discern sufficient proofs of public favour. The task of a Journalist is often invidious and often irksome.—Without a spirit of candour among the various tribes of readers, vain is every attempt to please. Captiousness cavils, fanaticism whines, and party prejudice yells; but in the manly exhortation of EDMUND BURKE, "applaudus when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover: but let us pass on—for God's sake let us pass on."

EPITAPH

On Mr. Wm. Picket—burnt to death.

So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
Heaven as pure gold by flaming tortures tried—
The angel bore it, but the mortal died.

For the Emerald.

ABEN XAHUMOR.

Translated for the Emerald from the French of M. Fleury.

Si voluimus, magna sæpe ex parvis intelligemus. CICERO.

IT is difficult to determine wherefore those people have been at all times reproached as barbarians who have often less deserved the name than those who applied it. The Greeks and Romans were accustomed to consider in this manner the rest of the world, and in our time we have applied the same degrading epithet to the Chinese, the most numerous and best governed people upon earth. The Peruvians too, a most virtuous nation, whom the Spaniards have considered as barbarians, have more reason to return the appellation.

They may with more propriety consider their invaders as uncivilized, who have carried the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, and were rather seeking the gratification of a cruel avarice than the extension of their religion or the glory of their country. The recollection of their conquests is sufficient to fill one with horror.

The Africans have been always termed barbarians, and without doubt there are some, who believe Africa to be fertile in nothing but various species of monsters. Wherefore should we submit to these prejudices? It is possible that even in Africa may be found *men*; even there perhaps we may find *heroes*. Glory, courage, justice, genius are independent of the soil; they are gifts which nature distributes when she creates the occasions which demand them.

The following little history may confirm our opinion.

The Portuguese had established themselves on the coast of Africa at no great distance from the kingdom of Morocco—they had constructed forts for the purpose of retaining the subjection of several neighboring settlements which they had reduced to their obedience. They converted many to the catholic faith, extended their conquest and in the year 1516 contracted a kind of alliance with some neighboring cantonments of Moors and Arabs whom they rendered tributary to Don Immanuel, then king of Portugal. A settlement near Safi called Uledlembran saw not without uneasiness and indignation the servitude of its neighbors and the which threatened itself. The

brave Moors to whom liberty was their dearest possession, represented to their Xheque *(chief)* Aben Xahumor a man of noble and commanding person and invincible courage the danger that hung over their country; he heard their statement with attention and promised to take the necessary precaution for their safety, but absorbed with the violence of love, he forgot the one and neglected the other.

Yoto a Xheque's daughter was the object of his attachment; her youth, beauty, modesty, the nobleness of her mind and her vivacity of temper had penetrated the heart of Aben. The virtues of the young Moor inspired her with a similar regard, but no interchange of sentiments had ever been made. Aben fondly yielding to his love determined to demand Yoto of her father, but with a delicacy often forgotten in the polite nations of Europe, he would first acquire her heart before he accepted her hand. We pass over the progress of their affection. It produced a marriage which was celebrated with great splendor to the universal satisfaction of every one interested.

In the mean time the Portuguese under the command of Don Fernandes d' Ataide their general, and Don Lopez de Bariga his lieutenant had taken possession of Azamor, Safy and other places, where they had placed garrisons and were advancing into the country. The Moorish commandant desirous of stopping their progress, as well to prevent the subjugation of his subjects as to punish those Moors for their perfidy, who had joined the foreign standard, collected a considerable force to drive the Christians from the coast and falling on them unexpectedly put them to rout with great loss. The victorious Moors instead of pursuing their advantage contented themselves with pillaging the camp. This gave the Portuguese time to rally, and collecting their whole force they destroyed the greatest part of the Moorish army, leaving the commander on the field of battle covered with wounds. This defeat raised the zeal of the country and determined them to take exemplary vengeance.

It was necessary for them to give notice to the other cantons, and to fix the time and place for a general rendezvous. The happy Xahumor, surrounded by love and pleasure, heard this fatal news—he started as it were from a profound sleep:—ashamed of not having been engaged in the general war, he tore himself from the arms of the desponding Yoto, he collected his followers who were the most warlike and best disciplined of any near the coast, and commending himself to them and to glory, joined the general standard at the appointed time. This noble effort recalled his former celebrity; he conducted frequent engagements to great advantage, till the name of Aben became the terror of the Christians and the confidence of the Moors.

Don Fernandes, the governor of Safy, had the prudence to avoid a general engagement. This active commander resolved to surprise Aben Xahumor, persuaded that his destruction would restrain the opposition of the other Cantons. In order the better to deceive the enemy he feigned a retreat from the encampment, and by a rapid march the same night threw his forces on the Canton of Xahumor. This chief, as prudent as valiant, was in a state of defence, and combatted with an incredible valor, most of his soldiers, however, less active than himself, were cut in pieces, before they could mount their horses, or provide themselves with arms. The

unfortunate Yoto was the prize of this skirmish. Aben finding himself pressed by superior numbers, bent his whole strength to make good a retreat, in order to alarm the neighboring cantonments and procure a force capable of resistance. The contest was bloody but the object was accomplished, and the Portuguese, after having pillaged and burnt Ambram, retreated with their plunder and captives. The wretched Yoto filled the air with her cries and continually called on the name of Xahumor whom she believed to have fallen in the fight. Fernandes seeing so much beauty in his captive and hearing her cries, judged she must have been the wife of Aben; he treated her with the utmost attention and gave orders that every body should pay proper respect to her rank and her sex, supposing this to be the most effectual manner of attracting the Xheque to his party.

In the mean time the alarm had extended to the neighbouaing cantonments, which already appeared in arms. It was then the unfortunate Xheque first learnt that his wife was a prisoner. Rage, grief, despair, alternately controlled him. He would alone have returned on the footsteps of the enemy and delivered her from their hands or fallen before her eyes. Friendship was vainly exerted to detain him. I have lost every thing, said he—life is odious and burthensome—if you love me, worthy and valiant companions, let us follow this *barbarous* foe—they probably retreat in disorder—we shall be joined by our friends who are hastening to our aid—come on—or leave me and I go alone. His intrepidity animated their drooping courage—a party immediately joined in pursuit—they passed their desolated habitations—the melancholy spectacle gave desperation to valor. Pressing on with all those feelings which injury raises in the bosom, they saw at a distance the Portuguese spreading themselves negligently along the country.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

NOTICES.

New Work.—Messrs. Bronson, Walter, & Co. New-Haven, Ct. have just published "*A World without Souls*," the *first* American from the *second* London edition. A writer in the Connecticut Herald, in recommending this little volume to the public, assures us, that every reader of taste and feeling, who regards the interest of morality and religion, will find a feast in the perusal of it.—*Troy Gaz.*

Proposals have been issued at New-York, by Col. John Trumbull, (a native of Lebanon, Ct.) for publishing, by subscription, two small *Prints*—one representing the "*death of Warren*, at the battle of Bunker's hill; the other, the *death of Montgomery*, at the attack of Quebeck." They are to be copied from two large prints commemorative of the same event; which were published in London, by Col. T. several years since—and which are allowed to be among the best historical pieces ever yet published.—*Ct. Gaz.*

We have been liberal in quotations from an ingenious publication entitled the "*Miseries of Human Life*" and we believe our readers will subscribe to the opinion we advanced at the first selections. The situations in which the speakers are placed are so easily conceived, and their distress is told with such a provoking solemnity that *misery* is changed into *amusement*, and we are compelled to laugh at misfortunes which every day may realize. The real anxieties of life are enough in all conscience, without being harrassed with these minor inconveniencies, and it is fortunate that some joking genius can be found to smile away trouble, and throw off by his wit the little inconveniencies that create melancholy and dejection; in fact to make a *pleasure* of *pain*. The work will be before the public in a few days, and we strenuously recommend it to every gentleman with the spleen, and every lady with the vapors.....*Emerald*

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

THE PRESENT.

*To M** M. A. D. the following piece is humbly inscribed.*

Beauty's queen says one day to her son,
I've a present to send to a fair;
You know whom; she myfavor hath won,
And you, Love, the message must bear.

'Tis a banquet of Paphian flowers,
A present I rarely confer;
I have pluck'd them myself from my bowers,
Myself sweetly wreath'd them for her.

Here's *beauty*, a rose freshly blown,
Now wet with the tears of the morn;
A fairer in Pophos ne'er shone,
Nor did ever my bosom adorn.

Here's a vi'let, which blew in the vale,
Low bending, unconscious of worth,
Which shrinks from the soft breathing gale;
'Tis *modesty*; so call'd on earth.

Here a lilly, unspotted, and fair,
Which bloom'd by a rivulet's side;
The wood nymphs have made it their care,
And call'd the sweet blossom their pride;

'Tis *innocence*. Here is a flower
Of yet choicer, and sweeter perfume,
Jove gives it; 'tis *virtue*, best dower,
An amaranth, ever in bloom.

But to earth, as your way you shall wend,
Be sure fam'd Minerva to find,
Wit, wisdom, she promis'd to send,
The durable flowers of the *mind*.

And when in eve's coronet gleams,
My star, the most fair in the sky.
You may steal, as you fly, the mild beams,
To form her sweet lustre of eye.

These carefully bear her, and say,
As to R**—it was I let him know it—
And that she, a reward for the lay,
A *smile* must bestow on her poet.

R**

* *I may be somewhat blamed for this—but licentia poetica must shield me.*

SELECTED.

THE MORNING OF THE YEAR.

Cold, cold is the birth of the infantile Year,
Whose cradle the winds of the Winter will rock,
Till the Spring in her bosom the orphan shall chear,
Like a new-fallen lambkin, the first of the flock.

Who wove the rude dress that apparels the child?
His chaplet of ivy, his mantle of moss;
His sandals of holy-leaves, pluck'd from the wild?
While icicle dew-drops his raiments emboss?

With the heavenly birth, lo! eth morning is gay;
The Sun through the clouds darts a smile o'er the globe,
To melt on the mountains the snow-hills away,
And promise the woods their fresh beautiful robe.

With the changes of time may the blessings of ease
Descend on my Laura with fondest delight;
In her eyes, tho' the winter rule islands and seas,
A heaven of summer still gladdens our sight.

IMPROMPTU

To a Lady who requested a description of Love.

"What is Love?" you ask, fair creature!
Mark the notes of every sigh,
Mark the glow of every feature,
Mark the madd'ning melting eye,
Restless, trembling, blest, uneasy,
As the youth beside thee sits,
Views thy smiles, now pleas'd, now crazy,
Calm by turns, and wild by fits.
Ask the voice that sweetly falters,
Ask the ardent thrilling squeeze,
Ask the countenance that alters
Smiles that melt and frowns that freeze!

The poems of James Montgomery will be published in a few days by Mr. Fletcher of this place.—We select the following splendid passages from his WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND *as a specimen of its manner.*

Shepherd.—" Switzerland then gave thee birth ?"
Wanderer.—" Aye,—'twas Switzerland of yore ;
But, degraded spot of earth !
Thou art Switzerland no more.
O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd ;
Like the waters of the flood,
Rolling round a buried world."
" Stranger-friend ! the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe,
Which no human tongue can speak.
Not the pangs of " Hope defer'd"
My tormented bosom tear,
On that tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.
Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world :
Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my Sires from age to age.
High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn ;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne :
There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm.—
O it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm !
There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest ;
Lovely as an infant's dream,
On the waking mother's breast.
Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.
On the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke ;
To the lake of poor Lucern,
All submitted to the yoke."
" Star of Switzerland ! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung,
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue !
While the lingering moon delayed
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light :—
Gallia's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold ;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.
By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake ;
All were in a moment arm'd,
From the barriers to the lake.
—In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumbers quit their bed !
For the gem that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its womb :
O 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb !"

In the next extract will be felt the real eloquence of " a Muse of fire,"

Shep.—" Pledge the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the Dead ;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valour's consecrated bed.
Wanderer ! this delicious cup,
This inspiring goblet take ;
Drink the beverage, drink it up,
For thy martyr'd brethren's sake."
Wand.—" Hail ;—all hail ! the Patriot grave,
Valour's venerable bed !
Hail the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the Dead !
Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this,
—Immortality of fame !
Immortality of bliss !"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Wand.—" On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour, when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.
Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.
Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled,
Heedless, though *her babe was by*
Prattling on his father dead."

Boston, (Mass.) Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG
No. 70, State Street.